

# The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,  
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELIGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—  
How—this little book will tell.

VI.

Nu'ma can I keep from weeping, whenever I gaze on the pilgrim.  
Oh, how happy is man made by a foolish belief!

VII.

Once I had a belov'd who to me was dearer than all things,  
Now I possess her no more. Silence, submit to thy loss!

J. O.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday, being Easter week, there was no performance.

On Tuesday *Lucrezia* was to be repeated, but owing to the illness of Gardoni, *I du Foscari* was substituted, with an act of *Nino* (for Coletti), a duo from *Il Matrimonio* (for the two Lablaches) and a variety of choregraphic entertainments, which almost made up for the disappointment accruing from the substitution of Verdi for poor Donizetti—a pill bitter to taste and hard to swallow. The dancing of Rosati and Marie Taglioni excited the usual enthusiasm, but left nothing new for the critic to say.

On Thursday *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated. The performance went off with great spirit; Cruvelli and Schwartz, the *Lucrezia* and Orsini, won and deserved fresh laurels, and Gardoni and Lablache proved themselves worthy of the wreaths that have long since completely encircled their brows. Nevertheless Cruvelli and Gardoni were both evidently indisposed, but indomitable courage sustained them through the opera. After *Lucrezia*, the welcome Cerito once more delighted the eyes of the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre. She selected for her *rentrée* the pretty ballet of *La Vivandière* (her own composition, in conjunction with St. Léon, her *caro sposo*); which she made the frame-work to several of her most popular and fascinating *pas*. Among these were the *Pas de Quatre*, from the *Lac des Fées*, which first won Cerito her fame: and the "Redowa Polka," which the charming Fanny renders so thoroughly irresistible. In the former the well-known "advance" (as the *Times* calls it), in which the "couple St. Léon" (as the French papers call them) cross the stage diagonally in a series of inconceivable bounds, performing the while an infinity of capers and pirouettes with hands clasped and body midway between earth and heaven, was encoored with boisterous acclamations, and the latter was received with plaudits not more tumultuous than judicious. The Cerito is looking somewhat thinner; but her figure is as compact and Hebe-like as ever, and her face as full of arch and quiet expression. We never saw her dance better, and never saw St. Léon jump higher. They are truly an extraordinary and a

gifted couple. May their shadows never be less, and their *pirouettes* never be fewer or less nimble! After the *divertissement*, they were called before the curtain, and applauded with vociferous *engouement* by the captivated and for the hundredth time astonished audience. An act of *Nino*, and *Fiorita* cut down to unrecognisable proportions, concluded the entertainments of this brilliant evening.

Next week we shall have our hands full. We shall have the new tenor, Labocetta, to notice, and Jenny Lind to notice, and Cerito to notice again (for we have not done with the delicious Fanny), and Lablache to laugh at in Bartolo, and Cruvelli to re-applaud in Rosina. On Saturday and Tuesday, the *Barbiere*, with Labocetta; and on Thursday the *Somnambula*, with the "Sweedish Nightingale," who has been very lavish of her visits to both the operas during the week.

CARLOTTA GRISI has finished her engagement with the *Académie Royale de Musique* (the *Theatre de la Nation*, as it is nicknamed by the at present domineering *sans culottes*), and will shortly arrive. Mr. Lumley may then rub his hands and exclaim, "Let them laugh who win!"

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE first performance of *La Donna del Lago* this season attracted an immense crowd on Tuesday. The cast varied in one particular from that of last year. Tamburini was substituted for Bettini in Roderick Dhu. This was an important alteration, and tended in an eminent degree to enhance the value of the representation. Independent of this change for the better, we observed symptoms of amelioration in one or two instances. The grouping and general effect of the great scene in the first act was more perfect and life-like than on former occasions. The rushing on of the clansmen, and the sudden clashing of their swords and bucklers, just before the curtain descended, had a tremendous and unique effect.

The scenery of *La Donna del Lago* is incomparably beautiful. The first scene, the lake, and the last of the first act, the gorge in the mountain pass, where the clans assemble before Roderick, being among the finest we ever saw on the stage.

The dresses and appointments are in keeping with the magnificence of the scenery. We must, however, make three exceptions—minute exceptions certainly, and for which the *costumier* is, perhaps, solely accountable. First, we doubt if Tamburini's spear was in character with the Scotch attire. Had Roderick Dhu been bound on a hunting excursion, the spear, being a weapon of the chase, would have constituted an appropriate appendage of his person; but at a convention of the warriors of the different clans, assembled for the purpose of a declaration of war, it was a solecism in costume. In the next place, the artist belted his dirk on his sinister side—an evident mistake. Lastly, Albani wore the eagle's feather in her bonnet with the wrong side foremost.

Such are but small oversights, but where all besides is so complete, they should be remedied.

These are all the faults we can discover in one of the most splendid operatic performances we have ever witnessed.

Grisi's Elena is certainly one of her most exquisite vocal delineations. The part is destitute of those grand displays of power and passion, from which we cannot dissociate the name of Grisi. In the character of Elena, however, we lose sight of the recollection of the singer's dramatic displays, and are spell-bound by her vocal excellencies. On Tuesday night Grisi's voice exhibited all the freshness and beauty of her best days. There is no exaggeration in this. It was the general impression that she never sang more delightfully. She had scarcely given two bars of the opening aria, "Oh! matutini albori," when we heard sundry ejaculations of "what splendid voice Grisi is in to-night," uttered on all sides. Never were words more truly uttered. In the duet with Mario in the second scene, "Sei già sposa," and in the duet with Alboni in the second act, "Ciel! quel destin terribile," she was in every respect admirable. Her *pianissimo* singing in both these pieces was marvellous. And then, what feeling, what finish, what delicacy, what perfection of style and method! Both the duets were encoored with acclamations, and after each repeat the singers were recalled. One of the greatest feats of the performance, in which Grisi bore a prominent part, was the fine quartet, "Cielo al mio labbro aspira." The delicious phrases of this captivating piece were given by her with a charm that could be denominated nothing less than divine. The rondo finale, the finest certainly Rossini ever wrote, if possible surpassed all Grisi's former efforts. It was an extraordinary display of brilliant execution, combined with every grace and every beauty of art and voice.

Alboni's Malcolm Græme is one of her greatest triumphs. The part is finely adapted to her voice and style; and had it been written with an especial eye to her purity of method, tenderness, and flexibility, the composer could not have fitted the great *contralto* more happily. The recitative and aria, "Elena, oh! tu," was a splendid specimen of gorgeous and finished vocalisation. The andante exhibited all that pathos and expression for which Alboni stands unrivalled, while the cabaletta, "O quante lagrime," displayed the extent and pliancy of her voice to admiration. In the duet with Grisi in the second act, "Ciel quel destin terribile," had Alboni been singing with any one else but Grisi, she must have crushed her vocally. Never did we hear such melting tones fall from human lips—such round, full, rich, ripe, juicy tones, like nothing earthly but Normandy grapes, if things edible may be compared with things vocal. Expressions of delight and astonishment interrupted the singers at every phrase, the hearers being unable to contain themselves to the end. Even in the encore these interruptions were not dispensed with; a mode of expressing approbation, however disagreeable, which carries with it something pardonable when Alboni sings. The greatest effort of the evening was, notwithstanding, the cavatina in the second act, "Ah! si pera," which created a *furor*. This cavatina is written after the manner of the celebrated air, "In si barbara," in *Semiramide*—as much celebrated on account of Alboni's singing as on account of Rossini's composing, and is replete with tenderness and feeling: just such a song as would call into requisition the heart-full tones and enchanting expressions of the divine *contralto's* andante singing. It was encoored with almost deafening applause, and was even demanded a third time, a request which Alboni modulated into a recall and honoured accordingly. Need we repeat that Alboni's Malcolm Græme is one of her greatest triumphs.

We know no character in which Mario pleases us more than in Uberto in *La Donna del Lago*. His appearance is so prepossessing, his deportment so easy and graceful, and his whole manner so impressive and dignified, that one could well imagine he saw before him a king disguised. Mario dresses, too, with the most irreproachable taste, and this is no small matter in the strategy of stage effect. And then add to these Mario's voice and Mario's singing, and you who did not constitute one of the assembly of Tuesday night at the Royal Italian Opera, may obtain some idea of the impression the great tenor produced, Mario is singing five-fold better this year than he did last season. Whether it be in consequence of the French Revolution acting as a stimulant on his vocal system; or the fineness of the weather in this delightful climate, so great an improvement on the Sunny South, has added more beauty and more strength to his voice; or that as the singer approaches the grand climacteric of manhood, he must necessarily be gaining in vocal power and quality, we cannot aver: we only know Mario has improved, and improved wonderfully. Indeed we could have well wished he did not sing so wonderfully, for in that case we should have been spared an infliction on Tuesday night in the shape of an introduced cavatina by Pacini, a composition so utterly unworthy of being introduced on any occasion, to say nothing of its disfiguring Rossini's music, that we are lost in astonishment that Mario should have descended to such questionable means to show off the extraordinary compass, power, and flexibility of his voice. True, this self-same Pacini aria lately aroused the lethargic and *blasé* Parisians to an unusual pitch of enthusiasm, and would, we understand, have been encoored scores of times had the singer consented; the aria, too, has been arranged with new passages and cadences for the tenor by the able musician, Signor Alari: but Mario ought to have drawn a line between the tastes of our audiences and those of the French capital, and he should have known from experience that we are opposed to all clap-traps and *coups d'effet*. If the great tenor had not known it previously he must have gleaned a hint from Tuesday night's performance, for, however dazzling and astonishing his singing Pacini's aria was, however much it exhibited the exquisite beauty of his voice, and his daring feats of execution accomplished with unerring precision, the power of the vocalist made no amends for the poverty of the music, and even Mario could not evoke an encore for Pacini. Read the lesson how you will, Signor Mario, it cannot be entirely lost on you. In Rossini's music nothing could be more perfect than Mario's singing: and in Rossini's music no tenor could produce a greater effect than Mario. His duet with Grisi in the first act, "Sei già sposa," was as delightful as heart could desire, and elicited the encore which Pacini's cavatina failed to obtain. We have never heard Mario sing with so much ease and so much finish as in this duet.

Marini's Douglas was an important feature in the performance. His fine manly voice gave weight to the concerted music; and in the splendid scena, "Taci, lo voglio," one of the most beautiful in all Rossini's works, he was heard to great advantage. In the quartet, "Cielo al mio labbro," his deficiency in the upper portion of the voice was felt. The quartet is written in E, and in the first phrase the singer having to take an F, renders it no easy task for a bass, or even for a barytone: so that we must not visit too much blame on the zealous basso, if, in this instance, he was not thoroughly efficient. Throughout the first finale Marini's splendid voice was of the greatest possible advantage to the general effect.

Tamburini's appearance in Roderick Dhu was looked forward to with much curiosity. We stated in last week's number

that Rossini had written the music of Roderigo especially for this artist. This is not the case exactly: the part was originally composed for Nozzari, a *tenore robusto*, but was afterwards altered for Tamburini by Rossini, when the opera was first produced in Paris.\* It underwent a second change when Donzelli played Roderick, and has since been performed by all tenors of note who could boast of an efficient middle voice. The only alteration in the music of Roderigo on Tuesday night was the restoration of the grand scena, as adapted for Tamburini by the composer. The rest was preserved as sung by Donzelli and Nozzari. It may be well supposed that Tamburini had no small obstacles to encounter in singing the tenor music of the opera, and that it must have taxed all his art to render it effective. But the great artist knew his resources. He would not attempt what he could not accomplish, and the end justified the attempt. Taking all things into account, Tamburini never obtained more credit for the possession of high talents and accomplishments than he did in Roderick Dhu: and as a whole his performance may be pronounced a great feat in art. His appearance was hailed with a volley of cheers, and every ear was on the stretch to catch the first bars of his scena. It was soon evident that Rossini had indeed altered the music to suit the singer, for no other than Tamburini could attempt the showers of florid passages provided therein. These were executed with surprising ease and finish; while, by the artist's dramatic capabilities, and his appearance, an importance and grace was given to the part it never had previously obtained. In the concerted music Tamburini was compelled to have recourse to his *falsetto* voice, which he managed with singular skill and effect, altogether unexpected in a baritone singer. Mario himself could hardly have executed the phrases in the quartet, "Ciel il mio labbro," with greater ease and delicacy. In the *morceau d'ensemble*, too, "Crudele sospetto," in which he had to sing the same passages with Grisi, he exhibited great mastery in the management of his voice; and the mode with which he blended the *falsetto* with the chest notes might constitute a lesson for most tenor singers. Altogether we know no mere vocal achievement of Tamburini which more thoroughly displayed the consummate artist than his performance of the music of Roderick Dhu.

It would be unfair to omit particularizing Tagliafico, Rovere, Polonini, Corradi-Setti and Luigi-Mei, who gave immense weight to the first finale by their singing as the Bards. The finale was one of the grandest choral performances ever heard on the stage. The chorus was quite faultless and sang with unusual fire and energy. The effect of this grand scene was electric. The curtain descended amid the most enthusiastic acclamations, nor did they cease until Grisi, Alboni, Tamburini and Marini appeared, when the applause was doubled and redoubled. Had the oldest opera frequenter in London been at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday night—we wonder what he would have said?

To praise the band is a work of supererogation: to eulogise Signor Costa would be no less superfluous. We cannot, however forego a word of commendation on the admirable manner in which the band on the stage—the Coldstream, we believe—was directed, and the perfection with which all the instruments performed. The military band was a great addition to the finale, and had a delightful and quite a real effect as it played in the troops through the glen, marching at their head. Indeed the whole of the business in the last scene of the first act was managed with wonderful precision and completeness. A word to the harper, however,—let him tune his harp.

So great was the impression produced by the performance

of the *Donna del Lago* on Tuesday that the Directors deemed it incumbent on them to give it a second time to-night.

All the singers were called for at the end amid deafening demonstrations of applause.

The *Diabla a Quatre* followed.

On Thursday the *Don Giovanni* was repeated for the second time. The performance was far more complete than the first. Grisi re-assumed her great part Donna Anna, from which she was incapacitated in appearing by indisposition on the first representation; and Tagliafico was reinstated in the *Comandatore*, in which he made so great an impression last year. That Grisi was grand and magnificent in Donna Anna it is needless to say. She created a powerful sensation in the splendid recitative and air in the first act, and was interrupted several times by outbursts of applause. She was no less effective in the rest of her music. Never did we hear the Diva in finer voice, and never did she exhibit the grandeur of her dramatic powers to greater advantage. But why was the beautiful air, "non, mi dir" omitted? Oh, Grisi! Grisi! Tagliafico contributed immensely to the sublimity of the last scene. This artist is deserving of all praise for the manner in which he sings Mozart's music. His voice is powerful and admirably in tune, and no singer we have heard in the part of the *Comandatore* has entered so deeply and energetically into the character, or has brought to its accomplishment the same musical resources. Even Tamburini's wonderful acting derived no small light from the aid of Tagliafico in the personation of the Ghost. A more magnificent dramatic display was never witnessed. The whole audience seemed transfixed with awe, wrapt up in the spell of Mozart's music, and allured to belief by the reality of the performance. We never saw Tamburini so transcendent in this scene, great as he always has been. It is indeed one of the most astonishing dramatic exhibitions of which the past or present stage can boast.

The encores were, "La ci darem," Persiani and Tamburini; "Batti, batti," Persiani; the trio, "Proteggilo il guisto cielo," Grisi, Corbari, and Mario; the serenade, "Del! vieni alla finestra," Tamburini; and "Il mio tesoro," Mario.

We have nothing further to add respecting the second representation of the *Don Giovanni*, excepting that Mario was in delightful voice, and sang exquisitely: that Rovere acted better than ever in Leporello, making the part one of the principal features of the performance, without having recourse to extravagance: that Polonini made a capital Masetto: that Corbari acted the part of Elvira with tenderness and feeling, sang most admirably, and received great applause throughout: and that the band and chorus were (except the "military," which did not keep time)—those of the Royal Italian Opera.

The house was crowded to suffocation.

The prevailing *divertissement* followed the opera.

To-night the *Donna del Lago* will be repeated, in accordance with the express desire of the subscribers: and on Tuesday we shall have positively the *Cenerentola*.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

NO. XIII.

WHEN a truth thou chance to spy  
See it with no idle eye,  
Cap in hand does courteously,  
Sweet of lip speaks pleasantly,  
Curious tongue says, lazy, "Why?"  
And the chance one goeth by.

To it quick before it fly,  
Follow on it close and nigh  
Question it with constancy,  
Urge it till it do reply,  
Have an answer to thy "Why,"  
Every day it goes not by.

C. R.

\* "Borgete," from *Maometto Secondo*.

## VERDI AND THE TWO OPERAS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

"Pictoribus atque Poetis  
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas."

AD PISONES.

Thus spoke Horace nineteen centuries ago; and the conviction of my inability to express the idea in language equally suitable has induced me to adopt the original, and take shelter under his glory from my own utter insignificance. Of course, you will not take advantage of the omission of musicians to controvert my reasoning, which can only be accounted for by the hatred which the greatest of satirists seems to have conceived for singers in general, and Tigellius in particular, whom he describes as never willing to sing when requested to do so, even by Cæsar himself; but when left to his own discretion, "*Ab ovo, usque ad mala citaret, Io Bacche!*" with infinite modulations and variations from the highest to the lowest note in his voice. To a man like Horace, such a fellow must indeed have been a decided nuisance; and his omission of musicians may be attributed to the unwarrantable humours and caprices of this self-same Tigellius—reasoning, doubtless, on the truth of the old adage, that if you "give them an inch, they will take an ell." Nevertheless, I must request to be allowed to adopt musicians amongst those to whom much shall be granted, and without further preliminaries enter into the pith of my argument, which is simply an attack on yourself; or rather, a remonstrance against your repeated maledictions on Verdi and the modern Italian composers. This question, once mooted, naturally leads me to premise with a few observations on the two operatic establishments, the probable prospects of success which they hold out, and the circumstances which led to the enthronement of Verdi on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre. The war of extermination at first waged between the conflicting parties has now quietly died away—worn out from sheer want of combustibles to keep it up, and the perfect indifference of the public, who never, in point of fact, took any real interest in the matter, and cared but little which party was right, and which wrong—never interested in sight but its own enjoyment, conning over the respective bills of fare, and patronizing accordingly. The line of conduct pursued by you was the only honest and impartial one, and is acknowledged as such by both sides, now that the question has resolved itself into its proper solution, viz. that of merit. As regards the existence of both houses, my opinion is, that if managed with due regard to the taste and pockets of their respective publics, not losing sight of economy, both may remunerate handsomely their spirited projectors. Already, a wide difference may be remarked in the frequenters of these establishments; a distinction is observable in the quality of the fare offered to their audiences; each house seems to have the same object in view, but is working out a totally different vein in order to attain that object, which is, public patronage. The rivals seem at a first glance, and to a cursory observer, bent on mutual annihilation; when the real fact is, instead of destroying, they are mutually doing their best to support one another. This apparent paradox will appear more and more evident as the season advances, and the line of demarcation I have hinted at becomes more evident. In these two establishments we have the old and new opera sustained by the best artists in the world. The Covent Garden people are the Conservatives of music—they almost entirely eschew the productions of the modern Italian school, and have principally directed their attention to the getting-up of operas already known, on a scale of perfection hitherto unattempted. This they have done to perfection, and with such spirit, that

I fear the balance will be very much on the losing side—the expenses being enormous, and in many cases needlessly extravagant. This is, however, their affair; and they, being the most interested parties, have no doubt fully weighed both the debtor and creditor side of the question. Her Majesty's Theatre, on the contrary, with a few rare exceptions, has turned its attention to the production of modern Italian operas, and in my opinion has thereby gained two objects most desirable in a lyrical establishment: viz. the production of novelty, and the consequent removal of one cause of complaint amongst the subscribers; and a saving of expenditure, in adopting a totally different line of conduct, by which all comparison with its rival is avoided or warded off—a comparison which it would have been impossible to sustain, considering the present state of the musical market. Thrown upon whatever resources it could procure, almost at a moment's notice, it had to recruit both orchestra, chorus, and singers. This was done with wonderful energy and spirit. Most of the new importations were entirely unknown in Paris and London; and Paesello, Cimarosa, Mozart, Rossini, were to them a sealed book: they may have heard of such composers, but could not exactly swear as to the age in which they flourished. These artists brought with them their own *repertoire*, consisting of Verdi, Pacini, Mercadante,\* &c., &c. The school of singing was entirely changed; the elegant, serene simplicity of Mozart was to them a dead letter, the charming vocalisation of Rossini beyond their means, an *appoggiatura*, a *cadenza*, a *mordente*, were discarded as superfluous; delicacy and refinement were abandoned for vigour and energy. With such materials, Mr. Lumley had no alternative—he wisely resolved to adopt the new school; indeed, he was forcibly driven into it. And now it is that, in speaking of Verdi and his followers, I may be allowed to make a stand in his favour, and differ almost totally from the major part of my worthy friends and *collaborateurs* on the *Musical World*. I have there read opinions promulgated by yourself, Mr. Editor, and by others, to which I cannot subscribe; I have been grieved to see expressions of severe censure, where I had hoped to find a milder and more lenient tone. I do not pretend to dictate to any one what opinion he shall hold on questions of art, where much latitude is given and required on both sides; but when the founder of a new school, right or wrong, starts in the race, he has a right to expect a certain amount of indulgence and consideration; for, if he do not succeed entirely to our satisfaction, others following in the same track may prove more fortunate, and, profiting by the faults of their predecessor, attain a higher degree of perfection. In my opinion, the tone of operatic music had already begun to show evident symptoms of decrepitude, and was degenerating from the florid to the mawkish and insipid: a more vigorous and healthy tone was desirable to give it due vitality; and if Verdi has done no better service, he has caused a reaction in this respect, and infused spirit and energy into serious dramatic music. In attempting to crush Verdi, I think that the Conservatives are doing the public wrong, besides injuring their own reputation as prophets. Let them beware of being taunted with the reproaches we now so liberally bestow upon the original traducers of Rossini, who was coldly welcomed at first, not by the public, but by the critics, as one who departed from received traditions, and whom, as yet on the horizon, it was attempted to hunt down by invidious comparisons, and technical sophisms. On referring to the journals of the period, you will

\* No such luck! Mercadante would have been welcome; he at least is a musician, if not a genius.—Ed. M. W.

find the same terms applied to the Swan of Pesaro which are now so liberally bestowed on Verdi: viz. those of plagiarist, ignorant, innovator, quack, empiric, &c., &c. We must also reflect that, in a country like Italy, where all classes frequent the theatre, open almost the whole of the year round, novelty is imperatively required at the manager's hands. However superior the ancients may be, people will not consent to listen to the same eternal round of operas for ever. In our theatrical world, we have tragedies, comedies, farces in abundance; yet the public demands, and managers must produce, something new, although vastly inferior to what we already possess in point of merit. A complaint had arisen, and a well grounded one, that nothing new was ever produced at Her Majesty's Theatre,—we were eternally turning in the same circle season after season. This vice Mr. Lumley has successfully corrected, and has thereby a claim on public gratitude; if he has not given us masterpieces, he has at any rate given us the best in the market, and we cannot require more. *Tempora mutantur*; and so does the public taste change as regards operatic entertainments; this is why revivals seldom succeed; and I think more is to be gained by looking forward, than returning backwards in search of amusement. I do not attempt to write any apology for Mr. Lumley; he requires none; he has done wonders, considering the difficulties with which he had to contend; I am merely, in a spirit of justice, anxious to prove that he could not do otherwise. The frequenters of the Haymarket have now every reason to be satisfied; novelty succeeds novelty in rapid succession, and this theatre supplies a void long felt by all lovers of the lyrical drama. The two houses may be said to form a complete whole, and far from hindering, will, I think, tend to help each other on, by the fresh impulse thus given to Italian music. In putting myself forward as the champion of Verdi, I have no intention of imitating the simoleon who wanted to prove to you, *vi et armis*, that his friend Verdi was a genius, and whom I helped you to castigate so severely that he has never since dared to raise his voice; but I wish you to consider the matter more dispassionately; grant him that amount of talent which I think you will find he has displayed in many instances, and condemn in a more lenient and forbearing spirit what you may consider as deserving censure. It is something to have even a glimmering of light, where darkness is so universal; and until we can get a better, let us lay aside all rancour and exaggeration, as unworthy of the champions of art, and abandon that wholesale condemnation, which savours so strongly of exclusiveness and illiberality.

J. DE CLERVILLE.

[We know of no greater twaddle in taste than what is styled "the eclectic," which necessitates a general swallow of every thing good or bad. The critic who asserts that to be good which is notoriously bad is a fool to himself and a hypocrite to his readers. If Verdi be a musician and a genius, Rossini is neither one or the other; if Verdi have any merit whatever we have no discernment. As, then, we consider Rossini a musician and a genius, and ourselves to possess discernment, we must persist in our opinion that Verdi is the greatest impostor that ever took pen in hand to write rubbish. We can grant him "no amount of talent," because we never found the smallest evidence of talent in his writings. But we shall leave the full discussion of the question to a *collaborateur*, who next week shall give our zealous J. de C. his *quid pro quo*. We wish so well to Mr. Lumley and his Artists that we wish him and them altogether rid of Verdi. If a new Composer be wanted who differs essentially from Mozart and the great masters, why not take Jolly or Rodwell, both of whom have written better operas than Verdi.—Ed.]

## "A WORD WITH THE FAST MEN."

SMITH *versus* SHAKSPERE.

London, April 27, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In spite of my general indignation at his *coterie*, and in spite even of the fact that his sneer at the memory of Beethoven was the immediate and actuating cause in the valiant frenzy which has induced me to incur the contempt or wrath of the *fast* men, I dealt mildly with Brooke. He is young and may cure.

For the owner of the name which preceeds Shakspeare's at the commencement of this article, there is no such hope. He is the head-offender. To him attaches the glory, and by him have the laurels been invented, won, and worn by the *fast* men. To his enlightened wit and sarcastic intelligence is the discovery due that the veritable Oread of the modern literary cockney is the *Ballet Girl*, and the genuine Faun, the *Gent*. To him, whatever others may impute to the poetry of a portion of the Lakists, cockneyism owes the fact that it is classic. For him the pewter and its treacle colored stream have been another Castale. Under the shades of Greenwich he has dreamt as the Athenians did in the groves of the Academy. In him the cockney inspiration dates and commences. He has been called the copyist of Dickens. It is false. Had Dickens never been, Albert Smith must have existed. He is original and *per se*. But more especially must he base his glory upon the great fact of his having founded the *fast* or cockney style of criticism. He was the first man who laid his audacious hand upon the laurels that are rooted in the graves of buried genius, to strip them of the leaves which neither Change nor Time could wither. He was the inventor of the *fast* man in literature. He was himself the first *fast* man who with malice aforethought assailed the literary traditions of all England, and endeavoured, by a cockney centralization, to Napoleonise the constitution of literature, forgetting that the hour of restoration, come when it might, must consign him to [the literary St. Helena of the dust hole, to contemplate, in exiled nullity, the pen and paper struggles of less aspiring, and consequently less humbled inanities. In anticipation, my friend, I weep over the fate of Smith. As a prophet sympathizing with the sorrow and woe he foresees, do I prospectively mourn over the desolate but unconvinced old age in which the *lion* shorn of his mane, cropped of his tail, and with his claws pared and his teeth drawn, ponders obdurately on his solitary belief, and sees his literary Bernadotte seated on a pile of cockney volumes, reading his implicit recantation to legitimacy. SHAKSPERE—the immortal Shakspeare—will have been his Moscow and his Waterloo.

The illustrious talent of Smith, not contented with the easy conquest of the whole realms of Cockneydom, from Battersea and Putney to Greenwich, unsated by the devoted adhesion of the scriveners' clerks, and Sabbath emancipated serfs of the measuring-wand, unsatisfied with the admiration of the *corps de ballet*, and the frail but fair daughters of the Casino, aspired to carry its empire further, and to reign amongst those who dwell under the mild sway of the monarchs of thought. He could bear no rival near his throne, and in destroying Shakspeare he destroyed all. The great ambition was briefly born, and he put his hand to the work.

Now, dear brother in the faith that there are better and holier exertions of human genius than a shilling Physiology, or a tale in a cockney magazine, I can but regret the delusion of the laurel-crowned (they were grown in Leicester Square) ruler of Cockneydom. It has wrung this protest

from me in my own despite. I shall be immolated to his wrath. The arrows of his sarcasm will search every nerve in my body. I already seem to tingle with the barbed torments. I smart in anticipation. But I die in a good cause and a conquering one. Smith may slay me, but I bequeath my bones to the faithful as a token in which they shall conquer. Therefore, undismayed, though sad, shall I fight for my faith and my creed.

I believe in Shakspeare, Ford, Massinger, Fletcher, Dryden, Congreve, Farquhar, Wycherly, and many others. I am an *old fashioned* and *slow* individual, who see nothing absurd in "grovelling before the intellect of a former century," if poetry and philosophy have stamped their beauty and grandeur upon it more unmistakably than they have upon the intellect of the century in which I chance to exist. In one word I prefer "grovelling" before Shakspeare to "grovelling" before Smith. I intend to explain my reasons for this preference very explicitly, because Smith has thought fit to sneer at those who, as he terms it, "grovel" before Shakspeare. For such is the word used with reference to our reasonable worship of one of the greatest geniuses, if not the greatest, that ever lived in a periodical to which his name and that of Mr. Reach are affixed as editors. Well, even granting that we "grovelled," yet is not our abasement so great as that of the *gent* who licks the hand that smites him. Shakspeare is to us a loving master and a kindly friend. Our wages are not stripes. But I deny the "grovelling," *in toto*, and wonder at the insolence which applies such a term to the not unreasonable appreciation of the great dramatist on the part of all *slow* men—containing most of the leading statesmen, barristers, divines, and writers of the day in their muster-roll. Let us weigh brain for brain; let us even count individual against individual, and the tale will be in our favour. It is true that we are not skilful in the habits of literary foray as are the *fast* men. We have no competent leader like Smith. We remain in our homes with our literary Penates, tranquil and still. But, dear friend, an this outrage rouse us not,—if we force not this literary *Pistol* to eat his own leek, then are we no more than a set of miserable curs; and this, if I fail, shall some luckier hand than mine do.

But I have scarcely brushed the bloom from the subject, although I have already run out to my usual lengths. Its importance will therefore compel me to defer entering on the question—

WHETHER IS SMITH OR SHAKSPEARE THE GREATER OF  
THE TWO?

Dear friend, let us take breath for a week, at the least before we consider this. Yours ever and sincerely,

CHARLES G. ROSENBERG.

SONNET.

NO. LXXXII.

WITHIN ourselves, not by ourselves, is writ  
The law that all existence must obey,—  
The signet of those forms that hold their sway,  
While earthly vanities before them flit.  
But yet not all immoveable they sit.  
Those forms august,—in their stupendous play,  
An universe they hurry to decay,  
Then from its ruins newly fashion it.  
Those forms, upon the soul of every one  
Have placed their impress, yet to few 'tis given  
To enter the abysses of the mind:  
Few, few can penetrate that region lone  
Which lies within them; e'en the light of heav'n  
Is but a darkness when the eye is blind.

N. D.

ARISTOTLE ON POETRY.

NEWLY TRANSLATED, FROM THE EDITION OF F. RITTER.

(Continued from Page 258.)

CHAPTER XXI.(a)

I. Of the species of words one is simple, (I call that simple which is not composed of significant *parts*, as 'ge'\*), the other double. Again of this latter species one kind is composed of a significant and insignificant part, the other of *parts both* significant. A word may also be threefold, fourfold, and manifold, as "Pollaplomegalopus" "Hermocaiexanthus" (b).

II. Every word is either common or foreign or a metaphor, "or an ornament," (c) or invented, or extended, or shortened, or altered.

III. I call a word which every one uses common, that which others use foreign (d), so that it is manifest that the same word may be both foreign and common, though not with the same people, for the word "signon" is common with the Cyprians, but is foreign to us.

IV. A metaphor is a transfer of a word of another sense, either from genus to species, or from species to genus, or from species to species, or according to analogy.

V. I give as an instance of the transfer from genus to species, "this my ship stands," for lying at anchor is a kind of standing,—of that from species to genus, "Ulysses performed ten thousand good deeds," for "ten thousand," which signifies a large number, is here used for many in general:—of that from species to species "drawing forth the soul with brass," and "cutting with hard brass," for here the poet has called "cutting" "drawing forth," and *vice versa*, and both are species of "taking away." (e)

VI. I say analogy when the second is to the first, as the fourth to the third. For it will employ the fourth instead of the second, or the second instead of the fourth. "And sometimes the proper term is introduced besides its relative term" (f). I say as an instance, that the cup is to Bacchus what the shield is to Mars. Hence we may call the cup the shield of Bacchus, and the shield the cup of Mars. Again, old age is to life what evening is to day, whence evening may be called the old age of day, and old age the evening of life, or as Empedocles says, the sunset of life.

VII. In some instances there is no analogous word but nevertheless the analogy may be similarly employed. Thus the casting of seed we call "sowing," but there is no word to express the casting of rays from the sun; nevertheless this act bears the same relation to the sun, as sowing to the heap of seed, and hence the expression has been used "sowing the God-created light."

VIII. This mode of metaphor may be otherwise used, when he who utters the analogous word negates some of the qualities belonging to it in its proper sense, as if we should call the shield not the cup of Mars, but the wineless cup.

IX. An invented word is one which, not being used by any one at all, is put by the poet himself. Such words it appears there are, as "ernuges," for "horns," and "areter," for priest.

X. A word is extended or abbreviated; the former when a vowel longer than the proper one, or an inserted syllable is used; the latter, when something is cut off. Examples of extension are "poleōs" for "poleos,"† and "Peleiadeo" for

\* "Earth"

† The first with eta and omion, the second with epsilon and omega.

"Pelidou," examples of abbreviation are "kri," and "do,"\* and "mia gignetai amphoteron ops." (g)

XI. A word is altered, when part is left, part inserted, as "dexiteron kata mazon," for "dexion." (h)

XII. . . . . (i)

#### NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR.

(a) The position of this chapter is doubtful; chap. xx. having been rejected as spurious it stands wholly unconnected with all that precedes. At the same time there is evidence in the shape of reference by Aristotle from other places, to show that he is the author. Ritter considers it a fragment of a longer discussion.

(b) It is a conjecture of Ritter's, that a long word composed of short words, signifying "many," "simple," "great," and "face," is given as an example. The common interpretation is to consider that the other long word (composed of the three Asiatic rivers, Hermus, Caicus, Xanthus), is the only example, and that the first (read *polla ton megalioton*) signifies, that such compounds are in use among the Megaliotes.

(c) "Or an ornament" should be rejected; no reference is made to it in the subsequent part of the chapter. Perhaps it was a marginal note intended to state, that the six kinds of words given, in addition to the "common," are to be looked upon as merely ornamental.

(d) We have adopted from Twining the words "common" and "foreign" for "kurios" and "glotta;" but they must be taken with a peculiar signification. The former comprises the words used by all the nations of a certain race, the latter denotes provincialisms and obsolete expressions.

(e) The substitution of "drawing forth" for "cutting," in the first example, is sufficiently intelligible; but the example of the contrary is scarcely to be understood.

(f) These words are from Twining, being written as an equivalent for an obscure sentence rejected by Ritter.

(g) The whole sentence ("one eye, or face, arises out of both"), is cited to show that "ops," which is the example of abbreviation, the author wishes to set forth, is put for "opsis;" which would be less evident if it were put alone. The passage is a fragment by Empedocles.

(h) "Along the right breast." "Dexi" is the part left, "teron" is the part invented.

(i) An interpolated section, pointing out the connection between Greek terminations and genders, follows in the original. It is left out, because, even if the doctrine set forth were correct (which it is not) it would be totally useless out of the Greek language.

\* Short Epic forms of "krithe" (barley) and "doma" home.

(To be continued.)

#### EPHEMERIDES.

##### NO. VIII.

THEY say that thou art false to me,  
Thou lov'st another swain;  
If thou love him as thou dost me  
We neither can complain.

Of love thou art a living spring  
That welletth night and day,  
Who doth the deepest vessel bring  
Most love doth fetch away.

##### NO. IX.

*Ora pro nobis.*

STAY, traveller, though on this polish'd brow  
No epitaph be graven;  
Entomb'd a wither'd spirit lies below.  
Whose only hope is Heaven.

OPHIS.

#### APOTHEGMS.

IX. THE constancy of the loadstone, which is the earthly type of faith in religion and fidelity in love, is subject to earthward dips and side-way variations.

X. Popularity is like the Quintain of the ancient jousts—he who aims at it, and misses it, is knocked heels over head.

#### ASPULL versus E. D. C.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent E. D. C. has again appeared in the pages of the *Musical World*, and has again evoked a most reluctant reply. E. D. C. would have acted wisely had he left well alone. His letters, under the anonymous shield of initials, afford the most perfect proof, if any were wanting, that it is too often used for low and disgusting personalities. He has found out that I am no "Lind-maniac," nor yet considered by my friends a fit "inmate for the Hanwell Asylum," as he so very ingeniously, but not very courteously applies to me. 'Tis better to leave the well alone," says the old saw. "It was a mighty pretty quarrel as it stood," when confined to the gifted Alboni as Rosina and Tancredi. My opinion, if confined to myself alone, were indeed at once puerile and insignificant; but, when echoed by artists, amateurs, and writers of far greater experience in matters operatic than I can aspire to, or, with all due deference, even E. D. C., it is not very presumptuous to entertain a similar opinion. But who can form the most remote idea of a superb and stately structure, by the mere exhibition of a single brick or stone? Yet even that structure may have a site utterly unworthy and unfit. Place St. Paul's in a narrow and contracted valley, and where would be its present majestic and imposing front? That this is elsewhere amply illustrated, we need not wander further than the really splendid and magnificent Houses of Parliament now in progress. But, *revo-nons a nos moutons*. It will not be one failure, or two, or two hundred, that can banish the remembrance of the great and glorious achievements of an Alboni or a Lind. Subsequent performances have proved, and will prove the rule, not the exception, valid. But even Homer nodded: *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*; and why not the exponents of song? There is, however, no point of greater importance to an artist, not one of which singers should be so fastidious, jealous, sensitive, or fearful, as that of being *persuaded* by a desire to oblige, or *forced* by the persuasions of an impressario, or from any undue influence, into characters which are not peculiarly adapted to their own peculiar powers.

Let us soon hope that the palmy days of opera are at hand. The sun of Easter, has his cheering rays, I hope, in store, to show the path to art and science—may they go hand in hand in one broad, vast, and continuous stream of success. It would seem that operatic affairs before Easter resemble that state of mind which may be compared to the early morning mist hanging over a valley, but which disappears the moment the sun rises above the mountains, and looks down into the vale below. Lind is here, and Garcia will soon follow. After them, Roger, Zoia, Tadolini, and Labocetta! Depend upon it, Mr. Editor, this will prove the brightest operatic season that as ever been seen in this or any other country.

Madlle. Lind left the Scandivanian shores on the 13th of April, and, like Alboni, at Amiens, with a demonstration of no common order. Determined on carrying into effect the noble institution of which she is the foundress, Madlle. Lind devoted the whole proceeds of her performances in Stockholm to its completion—the last of which exceeded all. The tickets of admission were put up and sold by auction, at immense prices, and the result was eminently successful. Her departure was like that of some Greek or Roman warrior destined to achieve greater victories than those already won. From 15 to 20,000 persons lined the streets and quays; bands of military music were stationed at distant intervals, playing those

melodies so often sung by her. Every ship in the harbour was bedecked by every country, and amid the roar of cannon, the shouts, cheers, and blessings of thousands, and the wavings of banners, hands, and handkerchiefs, did she depart; nor did they cease as long as the vessel in which she embarked remained in sight. Happy Lind! happy people! and happy be the city and the people who can so receive, so cherish, and so reward NATIVE TALENT!—I am ever most truly yours,

WILLIAM ASPULL.

[We place implicit faith in the sincerity of our worthy correspondent, and insert his lucubrations with a readiness that springs from extreme confidence. Nevertheless, we trust that in being the first to disclose to the world the contents of the last paragraph, we have not robbed the *Maison Duverryer, Place de la Bourse*, of its just dues.—Ed.]

#### LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first concert of this society took place on Thursday at Exeter Hall, which was filled on the occasion. The performance was for the benefit of the British artisans who have been driven out of Paris by the revolution: but we much fear the expenses exceeded the receipts. The oratorio of *Judas Macabæus* was given. A great improvement has been effected in the arrangement of the orchestra and choir. The former now occupies a semi-circular space before the platform: the choir filling the space formerly occupied by the orchestra. The soloists, who occupy a position upon an elevated platform, are now behind the orchestra, and the conductor's rostrum is in front of the entry, facing the vocal and instrumental forces. so that the gyrations of his *baton* are everywhere visible.

The principal vocal attraction of the evening was the appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves. This gentleman, on whom it seems now to be understood that the mantle of Braham is destined to fall, was vociferously applauded throughout the evening. His best effort was his first song, "Call forth thy powers," which although not one of Handel's divinest inspirations, is admirably calculated to seduce the singer to obey the injunction given in the title. The youthful and intelligent Miss Stewart sang the recitative and air, "So shall the lute," with great delicacy and feeling. Miss Birch's delivery of "From mighty kings," was brilliant and appropriate, but the wearisome length of this song, to say nothing of the exuberant ornaments inappropriately indulged in by the vocalist, sorely tests one's patience. The other solo vocalists were Misses A. and M. Williams and Duval, and Mr. Machin, who sang the music allotted to them with care and judgment. In the choruses lies the great strength of the oratorio, and among these the famous "Fallen is the foe," stands foremost. This was admirably executed. After the first act, a new national anthem, composed by Mr. W. Vincent Wallace, was performed. It was conducted by the author, who was warmly greeted on this (we believe) his first appearance at the Hall. The anthem was well executed and encored.

The words of this new anthem are by Mr. George Linley, and commence with the following original and nervous quatrain:—

"Queen Victoria God protect,  
And her mind and heart direct;  
Peace and joy her steps attend,  
Heaven her sacred rights defend!"

These words are felicitously adapted by Mr. Wallace to a bold and rhythmical melody in C major, well harmonised, and skilfully disposed for the voices, the half close occurring upon

the relative minor of the key. The next quatrain of Mr. Linley has a touch of the pathetic:—

"Guard her from each traitor's wile,  
*Holy Power*, upon her smile;  
In thy care our trust hath been,  
Oh, preserve and bless the Queen!"

Mr. Wallace begins this verse with a daring unison passage for the tenors and basses, which without harmony brings us to another half close in E minor; the whole choir then sings the second line in an harmonised passage, *pp*, which brings us to the dominant of A minor, to which succeeds the first solo for a *soprano* (Miss Birch) in the key of C, a cunning device of the author of *Maritana*, and pleasant to hear. The melody of the solo is peculiarly Wallace—flowing and natural in other words. After this solo, which leaves off upon a half close in C, the theme of the chorus is regiven by the whole choir and orchestra *ff*, on the second couplet of the quatrain. After which some imitation passages, in which first basses lead off, then tenors follow on a note above (Jupiter symphony-wise), then the whole choir—and so the first verse ends brilliantly. The second verse begins with four part harmony for the choir without accompaniments, *pp*, responded to at the half phrase by a *ff*, in which the orchestra joins. But let us give the next quatrain of Mr. Linley, which is not more to be admired than the first and second: here we have a hint of rampant loyalty threatening to destroy all innovators:—

"Should her enemies conspire,  
Crush them 'neath thy righteous ire;  
Strike to earth the rebel down  
That would dare assail the crown."

Mr. Wallace has treated the second verse the same as the first, with the exception of sundry varieties in orchestral and choral dispersions. Hear the last quatrain of Mr. Linley, however, which is sublime notwithstanding. Here there is a blush of the devotional:—

"May her reign extended be,  
O'er a people blest and free;  
God in thee our trust hath been,  
O preserve and bless the Queen."

Nothing could be more effective than the musical part of this hymn, which is highly creditable to its popular composer, and the enthusiastic encore with which it was greeted is an augury of its future popularity. We strongly recommend it to the great festivals of Worcester and Norwich, and indeed to all provincial choral societies, as an appropriate feature in any of their public performances during the present revolutionary times. We must not end without noticing how admirably the band and chorus went under the *Maritana*-baton, to which the numerous performers who are distributed in the ranks have been doubtless well accustomed.

Mr. Surman also was loudly applauded on entering. Mr. Blagrove led the orchestra, and there was no organist, the Sacred Harmonic Society having, with wise policy, withheld the use of their huge instrument.

This institution is establishing branches in distant parts of London. One of these branch societies gave a performance of *The Messiah* on Thursday sennight, at the Beaumont Institution, Mile End. Although the rain fell in torrents, the room was very well attended: we may, therefore, sincerely congratulate the London Sacred Harmonists on the propitious commencement of their proceedings.

D. R.

## MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MENDELSSOHN'S *Elijah*.—It would be a curious sort of investigation or enquiry, to endeavour to ascertain *why* it is that Manchester has such a celebrity for being a musical town (or city), and its inhabitants a musical people. We believe the result would show that other incentives than a love of Music—other motives than a feeling for Art—cause the subscription list of 600 at five guineas a year to the Concert Hall to be constantly filled with a list of *candidate* subscribers at half the sum, to be admitted to the concerts provided they can *beg* a ticket, and to the society when there is a vacancy! Fashion and exclusiveness, pride and jealousy, pomp and envy, have each their share in keeping up this our first musical society. The Hargreaves Choral Society keeps up its number to some 650 at two guineas a year, and although not so exclusive as the Concert Hall, there is little doubt but that many subscribe because others in the same rank and station of life do so—not from any taste or love they have for music. Why is it that English Opera, when produced in Manchester, never attracts half an audience? often, indeed, given before empty benches! Yet Jenny Lind could fill the Theatre four nights, at charges most exorbitant; and Jullien can (or could, poor fellow!) draw the shillings and half-crowns out of the Manchester folk's pockets by thousands to his promenade concerts at the Free Trade Hall. There is certainly something anomalous and contradictory in all this: yet such are the facts. And we have thus been led to notice them by the thin attendance at the Free Trade Hall on Kaster Monday, to hear the *Elijah*. Although this great work has been heard in Manchester at the Hargreaves Society's Concerts twice before, it has never been performed in public here until now—that is to say, where the public were admitted indiscriminately at very moderate rates; viz., stalls, five shillings; reserved seats, three shillings and sixpence; gallery, half-a-crown; body of the Hall, one shilling. The principal vocalists were the Misses Williams, Mr. King, and Mr. Robinson (of Dublin); as good an orchestra was engaged as Manchester could furnish, with Mr. Seymour as leader, and Mr. D. W. Banks as conductor; the chorus was very full and efficient, chiefly from the Hargreaves choir: so that there was every probability of Mendelssohn's *master piece* being introduced to the public of Manchester in first-rate style. Why then, we ask, in musical Manchester, was the attendance so scanty? What a treat for a shilling! Yet there did not appear to be five hundred people in the shilling places—there was room for a thousand more at least; the gallery was pretty full, not with Manchester people, but chiefly with people from the surrounding towns in the neighbourhood—Macclesfield, Bolton, Oldham, Ashton, Stockport, &c. Amongst the occupants of the stalls, &c. there were some honourable exceptions to the rest of our apathetic residents, who deserve naming for their good taste: we noticed the Rev. Canon Clifton, Dr. Bardsley, D. Maude, Esq., Matthew Lyon, Esq., Samuel Brooke, Esq., &c., &c. We do not know who the projectors of the concert were, but they will scarcely realize their outlay—a result much to be deplored, as it will discourage them and others from venturing to give such a performance again. To come to a more genial theme—that is, the performance of this glorious work, it was *nobly* done. Here and there the chorus and conductor, in the earlier portions, were not quite so steadily together perhaps; but as a whole the singers seemed to understand the music better, and to sing it *con amore*. The impression of this our third hearing of the *Elijah* upon us we *feel*, but cannot find fitting language to express:

we should get beyond all bounds, and seem extravagant, were we to write down one-half the rapture and delight with which we listened to this marvellous composition from beginning to end. To make selections of the portions which most delight us is impossible, for the work is so equal—so complete—so teeming with beauties, that we should begin with the overture and name every individual piece in the Oratorio. There is nothing commonplace, nothing inferior to the rest. How very many beauties both of treatment, melody, and expression did we hear as it were for the first time on Monday, or that we had altogether overlooked on former occasions. Thus in the recitative chorus in the first part, "The deep affords no water," how beautifully expressive and appropriate. The duet which followed it too escaped us before—"Zion spreadeth her hands," very sweetly sung by the Misses Williams. We never heard these young ladies to so great advantage; they were both of them evidently in good voice, and acquitted themselves admirably all through the concert. Mr. King was not so happy; he seemed to labour under difficulty in getting up in the higher portion of the music allotted to the tenor, and sang flat occasionally; else at times he was very good; in the song "If with all your heart" and more especially in his last aria, "Then shall the righteous shine," and in all the concerted music he was very good, his voice being of a good mixing quality. Mr. Robinson's *Elijah* was an admirable performance; his conception and dramatic delivery were truly excellent, and his fine bass voice told well all through the somewhat arduous part of the prophet. If we must be hypercritical, we might take exception to the broad uncouth way in which Mr. Robinson occasionally pronounces a syllable (for it is seldom a whole word). He should try to avoid this, as it jars unpleasantly on the ear, when listening to a really fine performance. Miss M. Williams gave all her recitatives well, and produced an extraordinary effect in the air, "Woe unto them who forsake Him!" which had been passed over without notice formerly, but in which she now delivered the part, "Though they are by Him redeemed," with such sweetness and fervour, as to obtain a rapturous encore. The double quartet, the episode of the widow and her son, the lovely and religious (heavenly) chorus, "Blessed are the men that fear Him," the second episode of *Elijah* and the test of fire—with the characteristic music of the worshippers of Baal with its startling (yet how appropriate!) brass accompaniments: the lovely prayer of the prophet—the second quartet—cast thy burden upon the Lord:—the third episode of *Elijah* and the youth—with its heavenly touch of melody in the prayers of *Elijah* and responses of the people—"Open the heaven and send us relief, help, help thy servant now O God!" and the wonderful descriptive bit for the Oboe—at "there is nothing:" (Miss A. Williams, sang it beautifully, and Mr. Scruton, deserves honourable mention; we have not heard the Oboe part better played;) and last not least the joyous "Thanks be to God!" all went admirably. The second part went still better if possible. Miss A. Williams did wonders in that most difficult song "Hear ye Israel" and the chorus were not now so timid as at the commencement. "Be not afraid" was exceedingly well given. Then comes the fourth and last episode of the *Queen Jezebel* and the prophet—who is denounced by the chorus in sentences responding to the queen, all which were rendered with great precision. The pious resignation of the prophet is then expressed so admirably in the fine air "It is enough O Lord," most feelingly sung by Mr. Robinson, and ably accompanied on the violoncello obligato by Mr. Thorley. The unaccompanied trio "Lift

thine eyes to the mountains" is always encored, it is such a sweet *morceau* for three female voices, in simple harmony, but we never heard it so well sung as it was on this occasion by Misses Williams, and Mrs. Winterbottom: the chorus which follows, "He watching over Israel," was faultless. Miss M. Williams narrowly escaped another *encore* in "O rest in the Lord" which she gave in slower time and with much greater feeling than the last time she sang it in Manchester; it was now all we could wish. Both band and chorus were good in "And a mighty wind," &c., and how Mendelssohn does exalt the heart and the feelings of all true listeners! Again in the quartet and chorus of *Angels* (it is angelic indeed), "Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord," it thrills you to the inmost soul; you must feel it; to describe it, as we said before, is impossible. A word about the last quartet "O come every one that thirsteth" which was beautifully sung; and we must bring our rhapsody to a close; we get so excited after hearing the *Etjah* that we can scarcely contain ourselves: we hope the next time it is heard in Manchester that it will attract a better, at least a more numerous audience, or no more must Manchester deserve the name of a musical city.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

**HAYMARKET.**—*The Castle of Otranto* is the name of the new Easter piece at this theatre. It is written by our witty and humorous *confrère*, Gilbert à Becket, and evidences in every line his originality, quaintness of thought, and whimsicality. Who has not read Horace Walpole's exciting tale? Which of our young brains has not been haunted by glimpses of the monster helmet in the nights when we slept in the huge dormitory schoolward, when we covered our heads with the counterpane as our frightened memories rolled backward to the startling events of the story we had been reading in the morning? But whoso has perused the story must go and see à Beckett's burlesque. It is rich, racy, ridiculous, redolent of wit, replete with puns, and ripe in rareties. First of all he will behold little Keeley—the magnificently-grandiloquent, big-little Keeley—as Count Manfred the terrible, calling on his courtiers to rush out and swear themselves in as "specials," and follow him to the fight: next he shall witness Mrs. W. Clifford as Mrs. Count Manfred, so imperturbly serious and so majestically *tragico-comedioso*: next he shall drink in through his auricular senses, the captivating catches of the piquant, peremptory P. Horton, who takes upon her men's clothes and the chastisement of vice, to which her handsome shapes and silver-luted voice lend no small attractions: next shall he be enabled to see and hear the transatlantic Reynolds, whose style is so peculiarly proper, so savoured with specimens from the sanatorium of significance, and whose vocal excellencies are bold enough to essay Alboni's Brindisi—an attempt only to be pardoned in a travestie—for in fact of singing, it can have no fellow-realisation: next shall he see, hear, and appreciate Bland—Bland, the Agamemnon of Anglo-buffos—the Sampson of side-shakers—the Philemoth of spleen-expellers—the Juggernaut of cankry, wrinkled care—the cloud-compeller, equal to Jove himself, by Jupiter!—next shall he behold—nay, what next shall he behold? Let us think!—beautiful scenery, admirable appointments, and above all, the merry faces of the audience, which alone would make his heart merry. The music, selected by Mr. German Reed, was excellently adapted for burlesque, being well known and much liked, two requisites for success in songs of this class. Miss P. Horton sang two travesties with great effect. The first was a parody to the "Swiss Boy," with a

new refrain, or *la-ri-la*, added by Mr. Reed: the second air was a transportation from Yankeeland. Both were encored, and both well sung—the first, indeed, admirably. Miss P. Horton has made great strides in her art since she went to the Haymarket. No small portion of this improvement is due to the instructions of Mr. T. German Reed. Miss P. Horton was also encored in a duet with Miss Reynolds, to the nigger tune, "Dere's no use a knockin' at de door." The latter lady sung a travestie on Alboni's Brindisi—Alboni has made Donizetti's aria as universal as salt—but failed to give it much effect by endeavouring to sing it too well. One of the vocal pieces most applauded was a chorus of "specials," to the air of "Scots wha hae," with Keeley for the solos. This was capitally written and admirably sung, and inimitably acted, and vociferously cheered. The *Extravaganza* was highly successful; and all the actors were summoned. At the end of the overture, which was arranged and adapted by Mr. T. German Reed, the air of "God save the Queen" was introduced, and being played *fortissimo*, emphatically and pointedly by the band, excited a loyal demonstration. The entire audience rose and remained standing while the anthem was being played, and then gave vent to their sentiments of fealty by loud and continued peals of applause. On Wednesday, a farce in two acts, was produced under the title of *Lola Montez; or, a Countess for an Hour*. It is written by the popular concoctor of small pieces, Mr. Stirling Coyne, and exhibits all his smartness of style and his shrewdness of observation. The plot may be told in two words. Mrs. Keeley is a clear-starcher and maker-up of gentlemen's linen, who has got a barber for a lover, but whose ambition to see courts, high places, and lords and ladies leads her to the bold step of allowing herself to be arrested in place of Lola Montez, the celebrated *danseuse*. The arrest gives rise to various *contre-temps* which cause much amusement. An old *roué* German Prince, Mr. Tilbury, is captivated by the saucy airs and pertness of the supposed dancer. She dances the *cachuca* in his presence, and induces him to join her, when she drives him round the stage in rather a brusque manner, considering the person with whom she has to deal. Mrs. Keeley displayed a little too much coarseness in this scene, and though the dance was encored, we should advise the clever actress not to overstep the bounds of discretion, for she may not always find her audience so tolerant and good humoured. The piece was successful.

**ADELPHI.**—The Easter spectacle at this theatre is called, *The Fountain of Zea; or, the Child of Air*. It is written by Mr. Stirling Coyne, and the legend upon which it is founded is thus told in the bills:—"A tradition exists that whatever good spirit touches the waters of the fountain of Zea once becomes subservient to the will of the demon of evil; but that, should the good spirit touch the waters a second time, the evil one loses his power, and in his turn becomes the slave of the being he sought to subdue." The plot is exceedingly slight, but affords good opportunity for the display of some splendid scenery, and for some capital acting on the part of Madame Celeste, Miss Woolgar, O. Smith and Wright. Madame Celeste acts with singular *naïveté*, and with her own peculiar charm in the character of Aglea, the child of air. Wright was immense as Pietro Flamingo, an Italian fisherman, and O. Smith was as supernaturally demoniacal as the devil himself could have desired in a pet imp. Miss Woolgar had a pretty part, which she acted to perfection. The piece was most brilliantly put on the stage, and achieved an uproarious success.

**MARYLEBONE.**—Mr. Macready's first appearance at this

theatre on Monday, in the character of Hamlet, drew a most crowded audience. The prices were doubled, but, notwithstanding, the house was crammed in every part. The performance was listened to with breathless interest, and was tumultuously applauded throughout. It is needless to particularise the excellencies of a performance which is so universally known, Mr. Macready's engagement is restricted to a few nights. It is announced that his performances at the Marylebone will be his last previous to his departure for America. We doubt it.

[Our other Easter pieces are unavoidably postponed till next week.]

#### SIVORI IN AMERICA.

(From the Kingston Journal, 11th March, 1848.)

THE CONCERT.—To those who were not present at the first concert given on Thursday Evening last, by the great pupil of the immortal Paganini, our observations on his most exquisite performance seemed almost incredible. Some one had even said that having written in such a strain, we must have been in the seventh heaven. We confess that we felt out of our usual element. We did imagine ourselves in a different region—at least not in the Kingston Theatre.

When those soft and most impressive parts were effected, we could not assent to the evidence of our senses. This made us transmit our thoughts in a manner scarcely adequate to the emotion we felt and still feel.

We had again the felicity of hearing this inimitable violinist on Saturday night last, and the effect it produced was no less, if not greater than that which we have already experienced, and this makes us adhere to the opinion before expressed, viz.; that earthly language can convey no idea of the sweetness and sublimity of his executions. It is but a just tribute to Camillo Sivori to declare that he is the wonder of the age. Never before did we know that such a gushing stream of melody could be produced from any earthly instrument, by a mere denizen of earth! We can only compare it to a rush of waters, or a mimic waterfall. The melody came tumbling over wave upon wave, until the feelings were overpowered, and the heart seemed almost to cease to beat. The pulses were stilled, and nature yielded to the ecstasy of delight. In sober truth, the day a man first hears Camillo Sivori is equal to the day of his birth. It is completely an era in his existence!

We are satisfied that those who may first have thought our picture overdrawn, and our description hyperbolic, can do so no longer if they have availed themselves of the treat afforded our citizens on Saturday evening—they must admit that such a display of skill is very rarely met with, not only here, but even in Europe, and they must conclude with us, that to attempt a perfect description of the pieces played on the recent occasion would be useless, nay absurd. Let those who can dispose of figure and allegory (particularly in describing the *duet* accomplished by him on one instrument) do so, if they can, in their own peculiar way.

We will content ourselves by saying that words have neither force nor power to render a due estimate of the almost superhuman skill and astounding merits of this celebrated artist.

(From the Jamaica Despatch.)

MR. SIVORI'S CONCERT.—This distinguished violinist gave his first concert on Thursday night, which, however was only thinly attended, owing, we are inclined to think, principally to the short notice preceding it. His reception was most enthusiastic, as indeed it could not fail to be.

Mr. Sivori has justly been placed at the head of the living

performers on the violin. His surprising *staccato*, his wonderful harmonics, his powerful bow, his rapidity of finger, his delicacy of touch, and, though last not least, his unexceptionable taste, pronounce him at once the prince of violinists. There are peculiarities, too, in his style which admit of no rivalry; but to describe them, or indeed to give anything like a descriptive account of his performance at all is more than we can venture to attempt. We attended the concert prepared to be delighted and surprised, but our anticipations fell infinitely short of the reality. Mr. Sivori must be heard to enable any one to form even a conception of his power.

[The above are specimens of West India criticism.]

#### CONCERTS.

MISS AUGUSTA PURCELL.—This young lady gave her first annual concert, at the Princess's Concert Room, on Wednesday evening. A host of singers and instrumentalists were announced to assist, some of whom appeared to think that second thoughts were best, and in consequence were *non est*. Confusion did its utmost to vary the evening's entertainment, and puzzled the inquiring minds to know who would appear next. Yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, Miss Purcell gave her friends a treat of no ordinary kind. With very few exceptions, the performers were of home growth, and proved that if they lacked in number, they did not lack in talent. Miss Purcell has a mezzo soprano voice of good quality, and which bears evidence of a careful cultivation. She sang Giacinto Marra's *romanza* "Il Pensiero," likewise the recitative "Love art thou true?" and the *aria* "Thou art gone!" from Rooke's *Amilie*, carefully and with good judgement. She was considerably applauded. Miss Sara Flower sang two songs, and was encored in both. Her beautiful voice and excellent style imparted a charm to the trifles entrusted to her interpretation. Mr. Viotti Collins performed "Le Carnaval de Venise" and was encored. He is a clever violinist, and we hope to hear him essay something more worthy of his talent. Mr. George Collins gave a solo on the violoncello, which was likewise well relished by the audience. Owing to Mr. and Madame Weiss not being able to attend, Mr. Frazer was engaged, and sang some popular airs. He was received as an old friend, and fully sustained his well earned reputation. A solo on the flute, a piece abounding with difficulties, was excellently rendered by Mr. R. Sidney Pratten. The conductors were Signor Negri, and A. Laneuse.

THE CHORAL HARMONISTS held their fifth meeting this season on Friday the 7th of April. Mr. Westrop officiated as conductor; Mr. Cooper acted as organist; and Mr. Dando led. The principal singers were Miss A. Williams, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Land, Francis, Machin, and Leffler. The concert opened with Mozart's mass No. 1. This was followed by Handel's air, "Why do the nations," sung by Mr. Leffler. Abbé Vogler's *Offertorium*, "Laudate," succeeded. Mr. Land then gave Beethoven's sacred song, "Oppressed with grief;" and the first part concluded with Mozart's chorus, "Pignus futuræ Gloriæ." Part the second commenced with Martin's Madrigal, "As a stream that shineth bright," which was encored; and Weber's quartet in B flat, for Piano-forte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, in which Dando on the violin, and Westrop on the piano were conspicuous. Miss Dolby introduced Mozart's recitative and aria, "Al desio;" and was encored in, what the bills of the programme stated to be an "Old English Song, by Linley." The most remarkable feature in the song, was the words "Valley," and "Annie" being made to rhyme. The overture to *Anacreon* was then

performed; after which Leffler gave Dr. Callcott's "Lo! the wintry winds;" and the performance concluded with a selection from Haydn's "Seasons." The selections from Spohr's *Jessonda*, which was unavoidably postponed, were given last evening, the account of which we shall render next week.

**WHITTINGTON CLUB CONCERTS.**—The first Concert of this Society, devoted to classical and popular music, took place on Monday evening, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, under the admirable direction of Mr. Carte. The principal vocalists were Miss Miran, Mr. Bodda, and Mr. Sims Reeves. John Bennett's madrigal, composed in 1599, led off the concert, and was well received. Miss Miran and Mr. Sims Reeves followed in Rossini's delightful serenata, "Mira la Bianca luna," which they sang most beautifully. Mr. Bodda's "Vi ravviso," from the *Sonnambula*, was much applauded; and Mr. Sims Reeves was rapturously encored in Beethoven's "Adelaide." Mr. Reeves was also encored in Knight's ballad, "Ne'er spurn the hand." Miss Miran received the same compliment in the recitative and aria, "Elena, O tu," from the *Donna del Lago*; and Mr. Bodda was called on to repeat Edward Loder's song, "Phillip the Falconer." Mendelssohn's four-part song, "Now morning advancing," was also re-demanded. The important instrumental feature of the concert was Mozart's trio for pianoforte, clarinet, and tenor, performed by T. H. Severn, Lazarus, and Westlake. The entertainments concluded with Festa's madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale." The rooms were not very full, but the performance appeared to afford great satisfaction. Mr. Carte deserves a strong word of commendation for the manner in which the concert was conducted. Mr. T. H. Severn presided at the pianoforte.

**MR. GERHARD TAYLOR.**—This eminent harpist gave a concert on Wednesday, which offered features of considerable interest to the music lover: firstly, as regards the performance of the concert-giver himself—and secondly, as it was the means of introducing to the public several pupils of Mr. Howard Glover's new "Musical and Dramatic Academy," hitherto unknown to fame. Mr. Gerhard Taylor fully justified the encomiums which have been lavished on his talent. He played all schools, from Dreyshock to Beethoven, and in all gave evidence of dexterity and musician-like feeling. His performance of Thalberg's "Etude Chromatique" was perfect. He was several times encored during the evening. Mr. Howard Glover's pupils were the only vocalists on the occasion. Firstly, Miss Rowland sang Mozart's lovely and difficult air, "Parto," from the *Clemeuzza*, in a manner which reflected infinite credit both upon herself and her master. Miss J. Taylor, contralto, and sister to the *beneficiaire*, was also highly successful in another equally beautiful and elaborate air, "Al desio," by Mozart. This young lady was afterwards encored in the "Swiss Girl." Mr. Delavanti, in a trio by Barnett, and a song, "The wind's a bard," by Linneman, displayed his baritone to great advantage, and gave promise of being likely to take, at no very distant period, a high position in his art. Miss Emily and Miss Kate Macnamara came next, and made a most favourable impression in a duet by Schröder. The former possesses a *contralto* ranging from G above to D below the line; the latter a *mezzo soprano* of great power. Miss Kate Macnamara afterwards sang Bellini's air, "Qui la voce," with taste and expression; and lastly, Miss Teresa Brooke, in Rossini's "Bel Raggio," gave great promise of future excellence. On the whole, the performance of the vocalists reflected the highest possible credit on Mr. Howard Glover's new "Musical and

Dramatic Academy" which must eventually become a desirable nursery for the ambition and talents of young artists. The rooms were fashionably attended.

**MR. FRAZER'S Illustration of English Minstrelsy and Song** took place on Monday evening, in the Music Hall, Store Street. Our readers cannot have forgotten Mr. Frazer, the favourite tenor, who was for some time leading the business at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, about ten years ago, and afterwards appeared at the English Opera House, where he played the principal character in the *Devil's Opera* of Macfarren. He received a hearty welcome on Monday evening, it being his first appearance since his return from America. Mr. Frazer prefaced his entertainment with sundry pertinent anecdotes about minstrelsy, bardism, harpists, &c. We cannot specify all the songs of the evening. Among those which pleased us most were "Fair Hebe," "The girl I left behind me," "My lodging is on the cold ground," and "Sally in our alley." In each of these the singer obtained great applause. Mr. Frazer has a tenor voice of good quality, compass, and power. He sings with much expression, and evidences no small amount of art. Mr. Frazer will prove a welcome addition to our home-made tenors.

**SUSSEX HALL.**—A concert was given here on Friday evening. The programme was confined solely to vocal music. The artists engaged were: Miss Messent, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Solomon, Mrs. J. Lea, Made. F. Lablache, Mr. F. Smith, Mr. J. Lea, Mr. Harrison, and Signor F. Lablache. The performances were various in their character, and of all degrees of merit in the execution. There was a considerable quantum of approbation, and sundry encores. Mr. Farquharson Smith presided at the piano-forte. The room was indifferently well filled.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PERRY V. SURMAN.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

"Let's vote him out, cried Dan"

"And then put in our Man." OLD PLAY.

DEAR SIR,—Your observations relative to the propriety of substituting Mr. Perry for Mr. Surman as Conductor of the "Sacred Harmonic Society" are well worthy of your old motto "fair play to all parties." I am surprised that this Society confesses its inability to do full justice to the sublime works it takes in hand, and should feel it desirable to change from one inefficient Conductor (as it describes Mr. Surman) to another. In my pocket book I put down a remark made by Mr. Perry to me one or two years ago which he uttered in a way peculiar to himself relative to Mozart's Music, he said, "Mozart's operas are heavy, even his comedy is heavy—but clever, clever, very clever!" Not being acquainted with Mr. Perry any further than having seen him lead off the violins, and having remarked that to every note he used his arm, in other words that he bowed every note. I looked upon him as a self-taught amateur and consequently considered him incapable of forming an opinion. When I heard that an Oratorio was to be performed of this gentleman's I must own I argued nothing in its favor. When we reflect that there are only half a dozen inspired composers on record, it is really lamentable to find a writer in the "*heavies*" school of all unacquainted with the diversified genius of each of them. Mr. Editor, I need not enumerate the many instances wherein Mozart has shown great power of comic writing, nor need I describe my respect for those who are ignorant of it: but it may require a nice discrimination to choose between Mr. Perry's capabilities as a Conductor of "*heavy*" works (which we call classical) and Mr. Surman's. I venture to state that a man who can appreciate good works is far less fettered in judgment than he who composes in the dominant 7th style of harmonies. As to Mr. Surman's having made the best use of the "Sacred Harmonic Society" for his private ends I know nothing about; but I may premise that the Committee generally have not forgotten their own interests, nor do I blame them. Mr. Surman has always been a good servant and he ought not to have been

turned off, for Mr. Perry: this, at least, is my opinion and if I be mistaken it is an error of judgment, on my part and not of injustice or illiberality, for as men, both are equal.—Yours truly,  
S, Keppel Street, Russell Square.

FRENCH FLOWERS.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I would beg the favour of a line or two to repudiate the interpretation which you have put on my letter of last week. I argued that the society as an amateur body could not be expected to be perfect, and it would be a matter of impossibility for the present conductor, or any other, to produce absolute perfection from it. As far as the power of the conductor goes in controlling the vagaries of professional singers, you must well know, from experience, it is very little. I will not enter into the question of the professional capacities of the late and the present (temporary) conductor. Suffice it, that the present one is a musician—the late one has not the least idea of the theory of music. I do not find any line in my letter which can by the most ingenious imagination be converted into the expression of a wish that the Press should wink at the change, particularly as the permanent change has not yet been effected, and am at a loss to account for that sentiment having been assumed. Finally, you say it was unfair to oust Mr. Surman, an incompetent amateur, from the position of conductor, because the forces he controlled were incompetent. I cannot think that you are serious in maintaining that the conductor of a society of amateurs should be incompetent because the members are. It would be the very reason why the conductor should be the more efficient. But as you have yourself stated, all this is beside the immediate matter of my letter—the professional singers—and, to my regret, I do not find that they have been admonished by any critic for their performance on that memorable evening.

London, April 28th, 1848.

BEETHOVEN.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to read now, in your valuable and truly-classical paper, that Beethoven's splendid Symphony in A is no longer "caviare" to a vast number of musical Scaligers; nor his Rasumofsky Quartetts, nor even his . . . . Posthumous productions!!! What a happy change in London, and then in Paris! For London has certainly preceded Paris in doing justice to this Emperor of Harmony; and for more than twenty years! "Better late than never!!!" Poor BEETHOVEN! The greatest magician that ever appeared in this world! I can remember . . . about eight and thirty or forty years ago (I was then a little boy) when he was considered by many as "a madman" with "occasional" . . . (horresco referens!) "lucid intervals"!!! These . . . "lucid intervals," I suppose, were his 1st Symphony in C major, his "Prometheus" Overture, his Septett, op. 20, his Sonata in A flat, op. 26, and two or three (perhaps) of his Quartetts, op. 18: but the . . . "MADMAN" (oh! that I were HALF SUCH A "MADMAN"!!!) appeared in most of his other productions . . . and why so? because they were not properly understood: and therefore could not be properly performed. In Paris he was denominated "an extravagant," by shallow puppies unworthy even to tie or untie his shoes!!! However, in London, my birth-place, many a critic, even in those days, could appreciate and enjoy Beethoven's best productions: and, amongst others, my dearest mother (of blessed memory!); John Cramer, the great P. F. player and composer; those three classical gems, Cipriani Potter, Charles Neate, and George Eugenius Griffin; Miss Tomkison, the celebrated amateur, and many others. Yes! and I can remember, with heartfelt satisfaction, my dearest mother's perseverance in making me practice—this was in 1809 (nine and thirty years ago)—that immortal masterpiece, the Sonata in C, op. 53. Yes! nor would she be satisfied until I had played it ALL at a grand musical party which was given that season in London, at Lord Vernon's, the brother to the late Archbishop of York; and where, I am happy to add, Emperor BEETHOVEN was fully appreciated: but alas! very few followed such example in those days!

I am fully aware that Beethoven, in his last productions, is not quite so fascinating as in his glorious Symphony in C minor, his "Pastorale," his MATCHLESS RASUMOFFSKY QUARTETTS, his splendid Quintett, op. 29, for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, his Overtures to "Egmont," and "Leonora," &c., &c., &c., but what is that to the point?

"He was a man: take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again."

No, indeed! After one of the above-mentioned "chefs d'œuvre," nothing will do . . . but another from the same matchless pen; nothing else!!! And what is so remarkable in Beethoven is the . . . wonderful perfection of his first works; as, for instance, his EXQUISITE Trios

Op. 1.!!! his Sonatas, dedicated to Haydn, Op. 2., his six Quartetts, Op. 18, his delicious Septett, Op. 20,\* his first Symphony in C, &c., &c., &c.!!! That man's genius had indeed no beginning: it was immediately the sun in its meridian! So highly-gifted a genius ought, indeed, to have been truly religious!!! and so he was!!! of that I have not the slightest doubt. Peace be to his glorious manes!!!  
I am, dear sir, yours truly,

PIO CIANCHETTINI.

17, Gratton Terrace, Montpellier, Cheltenham,  
24th April, 1848.

\* It is related of Haydn (and, to his credit) that, after he had examined Beethoven's first works, he exclaimed . . . "This man, indeed, has got into the temple; we, ALL OF US, have remained at the threshold." As for Mozart . . . he was struck . . . dumb with astonishment (for the first and only time in his life!) when he heard (this was in 1790 . . . when Beethoven was barely twenty years of age) the matchless Beethoven extemporize at the piano-forte. Yes; and John Cramer (another competent judge—so great himself!) has declared, more than once, that he never heard any body extemporize like Beethoven—never! never! He made him, in short, shed tears of admiration! Such peculiar harmonies followed each other! such wonderful modulations! and all so unpremeditated! That was indeed . . . inspiration! The poet and the painter were combined with the musician!!! And "the mind, which once ventured within it (like with Shakspeare's King Lear), was hurried irresistibly along."

And . . . be it remembered . . . that I have only mentioned now Beethoven's instrumental productions: what if I were to add to these his "Masses," his "Mount of Olives," his "Fidelio," "Adelaide," "Ah, Perfidi!" "Tremate, empj tremate!" &c., &c., &c.!! But it is certainly in his instrumental productions where he appears the greatest, and particularly in his symphonies and overtures.

THE KEANS AT EDINBURGH.

(From the Caledonian Mercury.)

MR. AND MRS. KEAN closed their engagement on Saturday, the 8th inst., when the tragedy of the *Gamester* was performed to a splendid audience, the house being crowded in every part. Mr. Kean, of course, played Beverley, and Mrs. Kean, Mrs. Beverley; the interest excited by their fine delineation being towards the close quite intense, not a few of the audience giving visible tokens of their sympathy. The tragedy was followed by the genuine old comedy, the *Wonder*: Donna Violante by Mrs. Kean, and Don Felix by Mr. Kean, while our favourite Mackay lent his aid as Gibby, the shrewd and humorous Scotch servant, who so strangely mingles among those dons and donnas. The play went off with an *ecclat* on the Edinburgh boards which has never been surpassed. Mrs. Kean was all that the refined taste could desire in the beautiful part of Donna Violante. When Violante threw herself on the chair, on discovering that the search of Don Felix in the chamber had been foiled by the adroitness of Flora, and that it was now her part to turn the game upon her baffled lover, the house rang with plaudits, so exquisitely finished was the acting of Mrs. Kean; the vivacity and grace given to this striking situation was the perfection of refined comedy. As for Kean, he took the house by surprise as Don Felix, playing the gallant but perplexed lover with an ease and finish that denoted his admirable powers in these light scenes, so aside from his usual and more stately walk. His assumption of the intoxicated swashing cavalier was a rich piece of acting—no way exaggerated, as such scenes generally are, but natural and sustained in all the details. Lloyd, as Lissardo, and Mrs. Tellett, as Flora, both played with excellent spirit.

On the conclusion of the performance, there were loud calls for Mr. and Mrs. Kean, who appeared before the curtain and bowed their acknowledgment to the brilliant assemblage that graced the theatre. Mr. Kean also addressed a few words to the audience, thanking them for their warm reception of his fair partner and himself, and acknowledging the general success of the engagement, which was the more satisfactory when the important events that had of late disturbed the public mind were kept in view, and which, as was well known, were in general anything but encouraging to the drama. The approbation that had attended the new drama, the *Wife's Secret*, he assured the audience, would prove most gratifying to the

author. Mr. Kean then withdrew amidst great cheering from all parts of the house. We believe the *Wife's Secret* has been performed nine times during the present engagement, so great was its popularity.

This evening Mr. Mackay commences a short engagement as the Bailie, preparatory to his final retirement from the stage, an event which will be worthy of a marked place in our theatrical annals.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**KALKBRENNER**, the celebrated composer and pianist, has arrived in London from Paris, and intends to remain for the season, to give lessons on the pianoforte. It is also his intention to bring his son before the public as a pianoforte performer.

**JULES DE GLIMES** has arrived in Town from Brussels to prosecute his professional avocations for the season.

**MADemoiselle CLARA LOVEDAY**.—The musical public will shortly have an opportunity of hearing this pianiste. Madlle. Loveday's talents have long been discussed by the Parisian audiences.

**MR. JOHN THOMAS**.—A correspondent informs us that Mr. John Thomas, the harpist, whose symphony we noticed last week, is not yet *twenty-two* years of age; so that he has plenty of time before him for improvement, both as a composer and a practical performer.

**M. THALBERG** left London last week for Vienna, on private business; but he will return very shortly, and remain with us during the season.

**MADAME GRISI AND SIGNOR TAMBURINI** will sing at the Philharmonic Concert on Monday; and M. Prudent will perform a piano-forte concerto.

**MADemoiselle RACHEL**.—The actors and actresses of the *Theatre de la Republique* (formerly the *Theatre Francais*) have raised by subscription, and presented to this incomparable tragedian, a valuable diamond ring, as a mark of their gratitude for the zeal and talent she has displayed in upholding the interests of the theatre, and of her generosity in relinquishing a portion of her salary (12,000 francs) for the benefit of the establishment. This sacrifice is considered more noble from the fact that Madlle. Rachel has been obliged to relinquish all her engagements abroad during her *congé*.

**M. LOUIS ADAM**.—This musician (father of M. Adolphe Adam, the popular French composer), who was a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and inspector of the Conservatoire, died a few days ago, at Paris, at the age of ninety years. He was the last surviving professor of the Conservatoire of the time of the former Republic.

**THE HULLAH HALL**.—We understand that the grand concert hall, which was commenced in the vicinity of Long Acre last year, and which has been taking a few months' rest, is to be proceeded with immediately, so as to be completed. It will be capacious enough to contain three thousand persons, it is stated, and built expressly with a view of being favorable to music.

**OPERA COMIQUE**.—The director of this theatre, being insolvent, has laid open the state of his affairs to the members of his company. The latter have consented to give their services at half salaries.

**TO THE FAST MAN**.—The writer of the article on Alboni\* will thank the Fast Man, Physiologists, Moonies &c. &c. to explain the meaning of Master Howard "Knocking down his little playfellows "with the *gay brioche*." See page 21 of the Flirt.

\*Vide the Puppet Show No. 7, from the beginning—No. 5 before the end.

**EXETER HALL**.—Our notice of the performance of *Jephthah* by the members of Mr. Hullah's Upper school was omitted by inadvertence. We must atone for the oversight when the oratorio is repeated.

**PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA** arrived on Thursday.

**LUCILE GRAHN**, the eminent *danseuse*, will arrive shortly from Paris.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS**.—A trial of new compositions by the members of the Society, took place on Tuesday morning week, by a numerous band, led by Mr. W. Cramer. The programme contained a symphony by Mr. I. Thomas, the first movement of a symphony by Master Banister, overtures by Messrs. W. C. Macfarren, F. Sainton, C. E. Stephens, Brinley Richards, and J. Coward. The only vocal composition was a canzonet by Brinley Richards, sung by Mr. Wrighton. We trust to have a speedy opportunity of offering our opinions on these new emanations from the young "natives." Criticism upon a trial is uncalled for.

**THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY** have announced a repetition performance of *Elijah*, on Wednesday, the 12th of May, and *Israel in Egypt*, on the 19th of May.

**CONCERT AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE**.—The brief notice of a concert under this head in our last, was an error from first to last, and originated in a wrong statement, transmitted to us by our reporter. We have to apologise to the Messrs. Distin for announcing their names as included in the list of performers; they were not present, being precluded from attending by their late family bereavement.

**MORNING CONJURATIONS**.—The magical Herr Herrmann intends next week giving six farewell morning performances at the Haymarket Theatre. His nightly entertainments during Passion week were attended by numerous and fashionable audiences.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**MR. DISTIN**.—The mistake was indeed most unfortunate, and was owing, not to our own reporter, but to an occasional correspondent, whom we employ in noticing concerts that do not lie immediately within our power to attend. We have made Mr. Distin the amende elsewhere.

**A. HUDSON**.—We know of no such society as that named by our Correspondent. Perhaps he alludes to "The London Sacred Harmonic Society."

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Greatest Sale of any Medicine in the Globe.

#### HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

A Very Wonderful Cure of a Disordered Liver and Stomach.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Charles Wilson, 30, Princes Street, Glasgow, dated February 18th, 1847.

"Sir,—Having taken your Pills to remove a disease of the Stomach and Liver under which I had long suffered, and having followed your printed instructions I have regained that health, which I had thought lost for ever. I had previously had recourse to several medical men, who are celebrated for their skill, but instead of curing my complaint, it increased to a most alarming degree. Humanly speaking, your Pills have saved my life! Many tried to dissuade me from using them, and I doubt not but that hundreds are deterred from taking your most excellent medicine, in consequence of the impositions practised by many worthless persons; but what a pity it is that the deception used by others, should be the means of preventing many unhappy persons, under disease, from regaining health, by the use of your Pills. When I commenced the use of your Pills, I was in a most wretched condition, and to my great delight, in a few days afterwards, there was a considerable change for the better, and by continuing to use them for some weeks, I have been perfectly restored to health, to the surprise of all who have witnessed the state to which I had been reduced by the disordered state of the Liver and Stomach; would to God, that every poor sufferer would avail himself of the same astonishing remedy."

"To Professor Holloway."

(Signed,

"CHARLES WILSON.")

These truly invaluable Pills can be obtained at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and of most respectable Vendors of Medicines throughout the civilized World, at the following prices—1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

### PIANOFORTES & PATENT HARMONIUM. GEO. LUFF & SON

Solicit Purchasers, Professors, and Dealers to inspect their Improvements in the Tone, Touch, and Style of their Pianofortes. The Patent Harmonium can now be had with Two New Stops and German Pedals.—Price, Lists, and Prospectuses forwarded.—Geo. Luff and Son, 103, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

### FOR THE BASS VOICE.

Mr. CRIVELLI begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public, that his Work on the **ART OF SINGING**, adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, is now ready, and may be had of Mr. CRIVELLI, at his residence No. 74, UPPER NORTON STREET; and at all the principal Music Sellers.

### MUSICAL UNION,

TUESDAY, MAY 2nd, AT HALF-PAST 3 O'CLOCK,  
WILLIS'S ROOMS.

Quartet in G, Mozart.—Trio in D, piano, &c., Beethoven.—Quartet in A, op. 18, Mendelssohn. Executants, Herr Molique, M. Deloffre, Mr. Hill, Mr. Mellons, and Signor Piatti. Pianist, M. Billet. Tickets Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at Cramer and Co's, 301, Regent-street. Members can introduce visitors on payment at the Rooms.

JOHN ELLA, Director, 63, Welbeck-street.

NOTICE.—The fourth Matinée will take place on MONDAY, the 15th of May, instead of TUESDAY, the 10th., to allow the use of Willis's Rooms for a Charitable purpose on the latter day.

### Musical and Dramatic Academy, No. 21a, SOHO SQUARE.

MR. HOWARD CLOVER

Begs to announce that the

### INAUGURATIVE CONCERT OF THE ABOVE INSTITUTION.

Will take place on MONDAY MORNING, MAY 15, 1848, commencing at One o'clock, on which occasion a SELECTION OF MUSIC will be performed by the following Pupils of the new Academy:—Miss Rowland, Miss Isabella Taylor, Miss Bleaden, Miss Emily Macnamara, Miss Teresa Brooke, Miss Mary Bland, Miss Edger, Miss Kate Macnamara, and Mrs. A. Newton.—Mr. Day, Master Ward, Mr. Tyler, and Mr. Delavani.

\* Parties desirous of obtaining Cards of Admission are requested to forward their Names and Addresses to Mr. HOWARD CLOVER, No. 21a, Soho Square, where all particulars concerning the new "Musical and Dramatic Academy" may be obtained. The Programme of the Concert will shortly appear.

### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed the FOURTH CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on MONDAY EVENING, MAY 1st. Programme, New Sinfonia, MS. WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS SOCIETY, Spohr.—Concerto, pianoforte, Mons. Prudent.—Overture, Leonora, Beethoven.—Sinfonia in E flat, Mozart.—Overture, Les deux Jovinees, Cherubini. Vocal performers, MADAME GRISI and SIGNOR TAMBURINI. Conductor, M. Costa. Single Ticket, £1 1s., Double Ticket, £1 10s., Triple Ticket, £2 5s., to be obtained of Messrs. ADDISON, 210, Regent-street.

### Sovereign Life Assurance Company,

No. 5, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON.

**Trustees.**  
Sir A. Brydges Henniker, Bart.  
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Assurances granted on the lives of persons in every station of life and every part of the world, on peculiarly favourable terms.  
Every facility afforded to persons assuring the lives of others, so as to render such policies effectual securities.

Immediate Annuities and Endowments granted on liberal terms, affording great advantage to persons of limited income.

Particular attention is invited to the plan adopted by this company, of granting deferred annuities, to commence at any specified age, either with or without return of the premiums paid, in case of death before attaining the age at which the annuity is to commence; thus: A person, aged 25, may secure an annuity of £50, to commence on attaining the age of 50, and to continue during life, at the following rates:

ANNUAL PREMIUMS, WITH AND WITHOUT RETURN, IN CASE OF DEATH.

Without Return.	With return of two-thirds.	With return of the whole.
£13 10s. 8d.	£14 10s. 3d.	£15 10s. 10d.

H. D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

### DISTIN AND SONS.

31, CRANBOURNE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON.  
Have just received another Case of the choicest Cornet a Pistons, including the genuine Courtois, at eight guineas, and the **NEW LESSON CORNET**, the latest improvement, so much admired by the Professor and Amateur.—Cornets by Sax.—Distin's Courtois Model, five guineas.—Distin's VENTIL CORNET (requires no crooks), five guineas.—Distin's Patent Improved Sax Horns, as used by themselves, are to be HAD ONLY at their Repository. None are genuine unless "Proved and Warranted by Distin and Sons" be engraved on the bell. A careful examination of every instrument is made previous to receiving their name and approval. Instruments proved in the presence of the purchaser. **DISTIN'S TUTOR**, 6s.—**DISTIN'S JOURNAL** for Cornet and Piano, published monthly. Drawings and Explanations sent for two stamps. The very best Roman Violin Strings cheaper than any House in London.

### CHELTENHAM.

### NEW MUSIC,

PUBLISHED BY

**MESSRS. HALE and SON,**  
(Music Sellers to Her Majesty.)

PROMENADE HOUSE and MONTPELLIER WALK.

"THE MATAGORDA POLKA." (Composed and Dedicated to LADY MACLAINE.) By D. E. JARRETT.

"THE WILLOUGHBY POLKA." (Composed and Dedicated to Miss JONES.) By D. E. JARRETT.

"THE PEEL POLKA." (Composed and Dedicated to the Misses PEEL.) By D. E. JARRETT.

"FAIR DAFFODILS." Ballad, by Mrs. FRANCIS HERRICK.

No. 1. SONGS OF THE EXILE, "HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD," by Mrs. FRANCIS HERRICK.

To be had of all Music Sellers in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and the Provinces.

To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, and the British Army and Navy.

J. KOHLER'S NEW PATENT LEVER INSTRUMENTS.

J. KOHLER having brought to perfection and obtained Her Majesty's Letter's Patent for the above invention, which he has applied to the CORNEAN, TRUMPET, CORNETTO, TROMBONES, and FRENCH HORNS, he can now with great confidence, after an experience of Five Years in bringing the action to its present state of perfection, recommend them to Her Majesty's Army and Navy, and all Professors and Amateurs. The advantages that this Patent gives to these Instruments are—

1. All the Tones and Semitones produced by the Patent Lever are quite as perfect as the Natural Notes on the Instrument.
2. The intervals on the DIATONIC and CHROMATIC Scales are perfect, the compass greater, and the most rapid and difficult passages may be performed with a precision, freedom, and fulness of tone, and comparative ease to the performer.
3. Combinations in harmony, which never before could be performed at all by any Brass Instruments, may now be executed with perfect ease, and Ten or Twelve Instruments on this principle, can produce a more rich and sonorous effect than Twenty-four could do on the old principles. The harshness of tone; the former Brass Instruments is entirely done away with, and a set of these Instruments heard together, produces Military and harmonious effects never before heard.

The Instruments are now in use in HER MAJESTY'S PRIVATE BAND, FIRST LIFE GUARDS, ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, GRENADIER GUARDS, FUSILIER GUARDS, ROYAL ARTILLERY, 60TH ROYAL RIFLES, &c. Testimonials, Drawings, and Prices, forwarded on application at J. KOHLER'S Manufactory, 35, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, London.

### The London Assurance Corporation,

By Charter of King George the First, for LIFE, FIRE, and MARINE ASSURANCE, granted their first Life Policy on the 7th June, 1721.

Their new prospectus embraces a variety of every eligible plans for Life Assurance at moderate premiums.

Two-thirds of the gross profits are awarded to the assured by a bonus added to the policy—a payment in cash—a new policy without premium, or by a reduction of the future annual premium.

The expenses of managing the Life Department are not, as is usual, taken from the premium fund, but are defrayed by the Corporation out of their share of the profits, thus giving the assured all the advantages of Mutual Assurance, without liability of partnership, and the security of an ancient and opulent Corporation.

Assurances without participation, and short period assurances, are effected on very advantageous terms.

Parties proceeding abroad are liberally treated.

Fire Insurances, on every description of property, at moderate rates, and Marine Assurances at the current premiums.

Prospectuses may be had at their offices, 7, Royal Exchange, Cornhill, and 10, Regent-street, or sent free on a written application.

JOHN LAURENCE, Secretary.

### DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE

is acknowledged as the best specific, after three year's trial, for improving the Voice and removing all affections of the throat, strongly recommended to Clergymen, Singers, Actors, Public Speakers, and all Persons subject to relaxed throats.

See the following extract from "The Dramatic and Musical Review, January 9th, 1847.

"TO CORRESPONDENTS.—AN AMATEUR VOCALIST.—Use Stolberg's Lozenges by all means; they will strengthen the voice, and remove hoarseness. We have recently, through a chemical friend, submitted them to analysis, and the result proves them to be a most efficacious remedy for affections of the throat generally."

Wholesale Agents, Barclay and Sons, Farringdon Street; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; W. Edwards, Newbery, and Sons, Saint Paul's Churchyard; Sanger, Dietrichsen and Hannah, Oxford Street; and Retail by all respectable Chemists in the Kingdom.



## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF

## MADLLE. JENNY LIND.

It is respectfully announced that

MADLLE. JENNY LIND

Will have the honor to make her First Appearance this Season

On THURSDAY NEXT, MAY the 4th, 1848,

As AMINA, in BELLINI's Opera of

## LA SONNAMBULA.

The Subscribers are respectfully informed, that

This Night will be included in the Subscription.

Applications for Boxes and Stalls to be made at the Box Office, at the Theatre, where Pit Tickets may also be obtained, usual price, 10s. 6d. each.

### NEW PIANO-FORTE MUSIC.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.	La Source Caprice,	..	op. 1.	3s.
JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.	Deux Caprices, ..	..	op. 2.	3s. 6d.
JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.	Trois Melodies, ..	..	op. 3.	3s.
JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.	Fête Cosaque, ..	..	op. 4.	3s.
FREDERIC CHOPIN.	Deux Valse, Nos. 1 and 2,	..	each	2s.
HECTOR BERLIOZ.	Marche Hongroise de Faust,	..	duet	4s.
ALEXANDER BILLET.	Pensee d'Amour Nocturne, ..	..	..	2s.
ADOLPHE HENSELT.	Deuxieme Impromptu, ..	..	..	2s.
THEODORE DOHLER.	Tyrolrien from "Betty," ..	..	..	3s. 6d.
EMILE PRUDENT.	Seguidille, ..	..	..	3s.
EDOUARD ROECKEL.	Cantabile, ..	..	..	4s.
VINCENT WALLACE.	Nocturne Melodique, ..	..	..	4s.
HENRI ROSELLEN.	Pantaisie Brillante, "Don Pasquale," ..	..	duet	6s.
WILLIAM KUHE.	Les Etioiles del'Opera Italien, No. 1 to 4,	..	each	3s.
LINDSAY SLOPER.	Nocturne, "Lucrezia Borgia," ..	..	..	2s. 6d.
FERDINAND VALMULLER.	Two Fantaisies, "Camp of Silesia," ..	..	each	3s.
GEORGE OSBORNE.	La pluie de perles, Valse Brillante, ..	..	..	3s.
ALEXANDRE FESSY.	Romelle, Suite de Valses, ..	..	..	2s. 6d.
LEOPOLD DE MEYER.	Airs Russes, Fantaisie, ..	..	..	3s. 6d.
ERNEST COOP.	La Bergere, Caprice, ..	..	..	2s.
JULES SCHULHOFF.	Grand Valse, ..	..	..	3s.
SIGISMOND THALBERG.	Fantaisie Gracieuse de Bellini, ..	..	..	4s.
HENRI HERZ.	Trois Airs de Ballet, "La Jolie Fille de Gand, a quatre mains, ..	..	..	4s.
EDOUARD SCHULZ.	Grande Valse di Bravura, ..	..	..	3s. 6d.

CRAMER, BEALE & Co., 201, Regent Street.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Messrs. HENRY and RICHARD BLAGROVE

Begin to announce that their

### FIRST QUARTETT and SOLO CONCERT

Will take place at the CONCERT ROOMS, MORTIMER-STREET,

On Wednesday Morning, May 10,

AT TWO O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS:—The Misses Williams, Miss Ransford, Mr. Land, and Mr. W. Farren. The Quartetts, Quintetts, &c., by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Cooper, R. Blagrove, W. Blagrove, Lucas, and Rowland. Solo Concertina, Mr. Richard Blagrove. Solo Violin, Mr. H. Blagrove. Obligato accompaniment to a Song, Mr. Cooper. Accompanist, Mr. C. Blagrove. Tickets 7s. each, or four for One Guinea. The remaining Three Concerts on the evenings of June 5th, 21st, and 23rd. Subscriptions to the four concerts One Guinea.

### LECTURE HALL, GREENWICH.

MR. CARTE

Begs to announce

### A GRAND CONCERT

IN THE ABOVE HALL,

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY THE 3rd, 1848.

Solo Vocalists.—Miss Birch, Mrs. Weiss, Mr. Sims Reeves, (his first appearance at Greenwich), and Mr. Weiss. There will be a selection of Madrigals and Four-part Songs. The most celebrated Continental Flute Player, Signor Briccialdi, has kindly consented, on this occasion, to make his only public appearance this season, and will perform a Grand Fantasia, MS. on God save the Queen, upon Boehm's silver Flute, and a Duet with Mr. Carte. Conductor, Mr. Thomas Henry Severn. Reserved seats, 4s.; Body of the Hall, 2s. A special train will leave Greenwich for London immediately after the concert, about 11 o'clock.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT GARDEN.

The Directors have the honor to announce that on TUESDAY NEXT, May 2nd, Rossini's Opera, LA CENERENTOLA, will be performed for the First Time at the Royal Italian Opera, the character of

La Cenerentola, by Mdlle. ALBONI,

in which she has lately met with such distinguished success on the Continent.

On TUESDAY NEXT, MAY the 2nd, 1848,

Will be performed, ROSSINI's Opera,

## LA CENERENTOLA,

Cenerentola	..	..	Mdlle. ALBONI.
Tisbe	..	..	Mad. BELLINI.
Clarinda	..	..	Mad. TEMPLE.
Don Ramiro	..	..	Signor SALVI.
Don Magnifico	..	..	Signor ROVERE.
Alidoro	..	..	Signor POLONINI.
Dandini	..	..	Signor TAMBURINI.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, MR. COSTA.

To conclude with the new

### DIVERTISSEMENT,

In which the following Artists will appear, viz.:

Mademoiselle FLORA FABBRI,

Mlle. MELINA MARMET, Mlle. THIERRY, Mlle. CELESTE STEPHAN,

Mlle. LANGHER, Mlle. HONORE, Mdle. WATHIER.

M. BRETIN, and M. GONTIER.

## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT,

THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 4TH.

A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will be given, on which occasion will be performed Rossini's Opera,

## LA DONNA DEL LAGO.

Elena	..	..	Mad. GRISI.
Malcolm	..	..	Madlle. ALBONI.
Albini	..	..	Mad. BELLINI.
Giacomo V.	..	..	Signor MARIO.
Douglas	..	..	Signor MARINI.
Rodrigo	..	..	Signor TAMBURINI.
Serano	..	..	Signor LAVIA.

The Grand Finale of the First Act, representing the Gathering of the Clans, will be executed by Two Military Bands, in addition to the usual Orchestra.

The Music of the Chief Bards being performed by Signor Tagliacoco, Signor Polonini, Signor Soldi, Signor Luigi Mei, Signor Corradi Setti, and Signor Rovere.

To conclude with the Ballet,

### LE DIABLE A QUATRE.

THE MUSIC BY ADOLPHE ADAM.

The principal characters by Madlle. Flora Fabbri, Madlle. Melina Marmet, Madlle. Thierry, Madlle. O'Bryan, Madlle. Honore, Madlle. Leopoldine Brusi, Madlle. Celeste Stephan, Madlle. Langher, M. Gontier, M. Paine, and M. Bretin.

Admission to the Pit, 8s.; to the New Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre, Stalls, 5s.—The Performances will commence at Eight o'clock.

Tickets, Stalls and Boxes (for the Night or Season) to be obtained at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open from Eleven till Five o'clock; and at all the Principal Libraries and Music-sellers.

### Madame PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA.

The Directors have the gratification to announce that MADAME PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA has arrived in London, and will shortly make her appearance in Bellini's Opera LA SONNAMBULA.

New Glee, just published, Price 3s.

### "CAN A BOSOM SO GENTLE REMAIN?"

THE WORDS BY SHENSTONE.

A Glee for Five Voices, composed and dedicated to Vincent Novello, Esq., by Miss LAURA W. BARKER. London Sacred Music Warehouse, 69, Dean-street, Soho, and 24, Poultry.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Holywell Street; and all Booksellers.—Saturday, April 29th, 1848.